EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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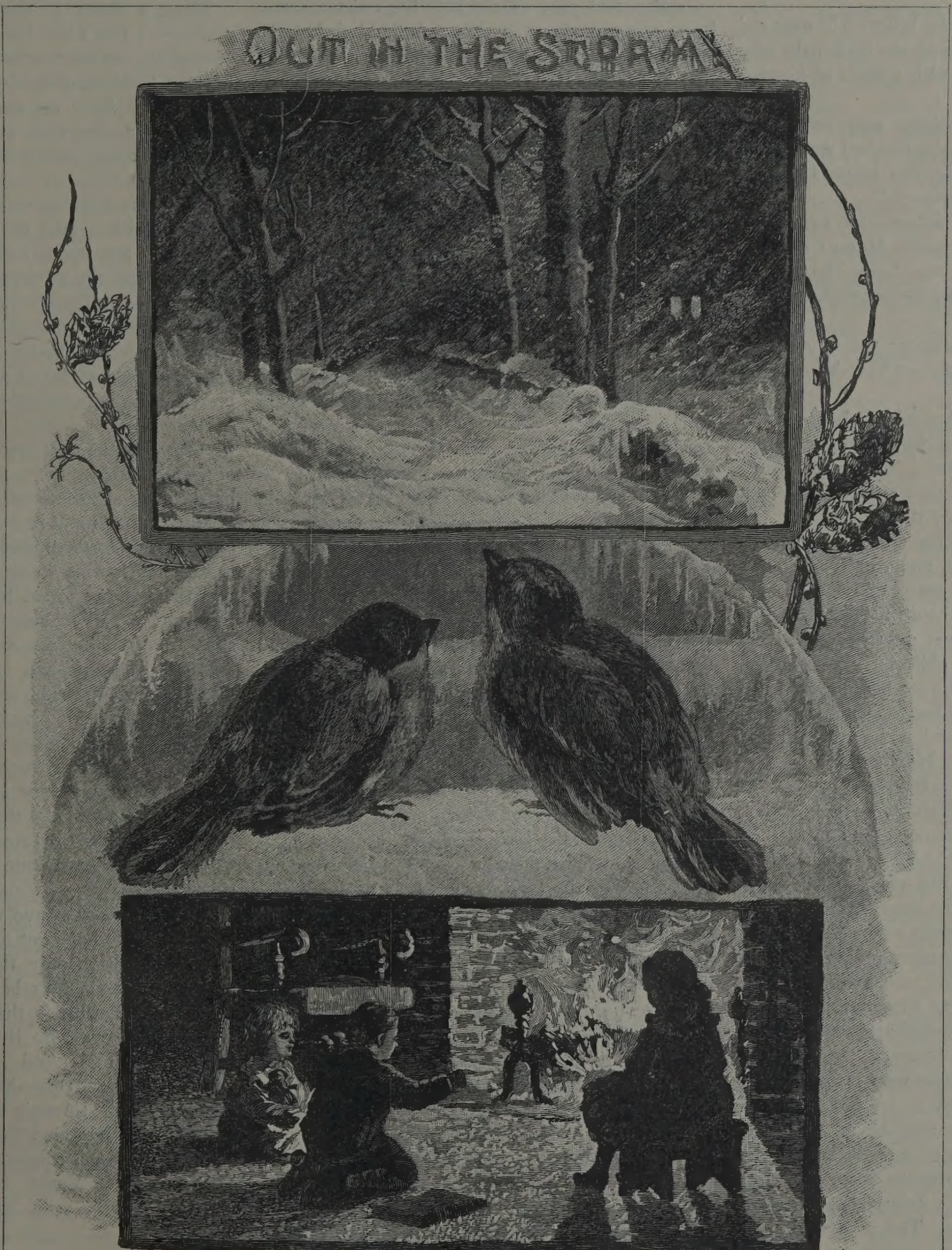

OUT IN THE STORM!
Edmond H. Garrett.

SAFE AND WARM.

JOHNNIE'S SLED.

BY MRS. ANNIE D. DARLING.

OH, Marty! see what a beauty! Oh, would n't I like one just like that! That 's a regular stunner, ain't it?" and the boy's eyes seemed to double in size, as he stood looking at a sled that another boy was drawing slowly up the hill.

"Yes, Johnnie, that is fine; and she 's a fast one, too," answered his brother. "Never mind, old chap, may be you 'll get one some day."

"Nellie says *may bees* don't fly now," said Johnnie in a discouraged way; "an' now your old Tiger 's broken to bits we' ll never have any more coasting, I suppose."

"Pooh! never 's a long day, boy, and what has been may be again; just you keep quiet, and who knows what 'll come?"

"Oh, Marty! *do* you really b'lieve I 'll ever an' ever have a sled again?" and the little pale face of the lame boy grew rosy with a flush of longing desire.

"Now," said Martin, looking very sober and drawing down his mouth in a comical way, as he spoke the words slowly, "do you know, I should not wonder if you did sometime?"

"Well," said the little fellow, "if ever I do you can have it all you want, Marty; an' I 'll lend it to Tommy Watts, too, 'cause he has n't got any. But I don't know," he concluded rather ruefully.

"Keep up good heart, Jacky; you know how often mother says, 'Let patience have her perfect work.'"

"Yes, an' in my Sunday-school lesson 'bout planting seed an' bringing forth fruit with patience, I had that verse; but I 'm afraid I can't wait very patient, Marty, I do want a sled so bad. Will it be this winter do you think?"

"Can't just say now; so hop along, Robin Redbreast, and keep on hoping, and you 'll see."

Now Martin with great pains and kindly help from a village friend had about finished a sled for his brother, whose lameness debarred him from many sports the other children could enjoy. Coasting was his great delight; and having used up the elder boys' sleds, he had very much desired a new one of his "truly own," as he said, but had never yet been so blessed. Martin was to go that night to bring the sled home from the painter's, as Christmas was at hand. A storm was coming on; and before the chores were done, and Martin at liberty to wend his way to the "Four Corners," — where were gathered the few places of business the little town boasted, — the snow that had fallen thick and fast all day lay deep and solid; but the feathery flakes had melted to tears, and rain poured in torrents, so he gave up his journey till the next night. Then the storm was over, but the roads were almost impassable with slush and water. Martin, however, did not mind trifles, and would have done much at any time for that dear little brother; so off he started, going back at his mother's call to take with him a lantern that he might better choose his way, as the night was dark and the wind rising. It was Christmas Eve, and that precious sled must be beside Johnnie's bed before he awoke in the morning. The way was long, the walking hard and slow; but his errands all done, Martin started off sled in hand, pockets bulging on either side, as pockets have a way of doing on Christmas Eve, and he trudged merrily on, carrying the sled under his arm or on his back, lest it should get a scratch on its painted beauty. He took the railroad track on his homeward way, as it was late, and that way shorter by some half mile, and probably easier walking. Singing and whistling for company to himself he hurried on: —

"It came upon the midnight clear,
 That glorious song of old,
From angels bending o'er the earth,
 To touch their harps of gold:
Peace on the earth, good will to men,
 From heaven's all glorious King;
The world in solemn stillness lay,
 To hear the angels sing."

Then again clearly rang out the words, —

"God will support our hearts
 With might before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
 The strength is all his own.
'T is He that works to will —"

"Hallo! why, what 's this? Long Creek 's up — and — no! yes — the bridge has twisted somehow; any way the rails ain't right, and oh horror! there 's the whistle down at the mills! What 'll I do?" and the boy stood white and trembling. Then he dropped on his knees, covered his face with his hands, and breathlessly gasped: "Dear Heavenly Father! for Jesus' sake show me; help me to think quick, for thy mercy's sake, Amen." He covered his eyes a moment, then he began looking about, up and down the road-bed to see if he could find anything that would burn, so that he might light a fire; for his lantern had burned already so long, its light was but small and dim, and he dared not trust wholly to it. Not a twig or stick could he find. He grew so distressed that his breath came in great sobs, and he began to run up the track to meet the train that would soon come tearing down the valley like a winged creature, swooping on fiery wings through the darkness. Suddenly Martin stopped, saying as well as his hurried breathing would let him. "Oh, I must! I can't help it, Johnnie, it must go; it may save lives — and its *Christmas!* — oh, I *must!*" And putting down the sled he stamped heavily upon it and broke it; then piled up the pieces, and pulling his handkerchief from his pocket he lighted it at the lantern's flame; and not a second too soon, for it gave its last flicker and died out, as the blaze, sheltered by Martin's cap, crept slowly along the edge of the handkerchief till it grew strong enough to be in its turn a torch to another corner; then, when well ablaze, the boy laid it carefully under the little pile of broken pieces; the fresh paint caught quickly the golden thread that curled lovingly about it, and a right royal little bonfire flared and glared knowingly in the middle of the track, as much as to say, "See, 'behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!'" just as the headlight appeared around the curve, like an eye opening in the darkness, growing larger and larger as the monster rushed on, slackened its pace, and finally came to a dead stop fifty feet from the bonfire. That having successfully done its part, quietly retired into obscurity and silence, leaving but a heap of ashes, two strips of iron, bent and still red at one end, — all that was left to tell of hours of hard work, a sweet self-sacrifice, an offering of purest love, and Johnnie's new sled.

The train was one bringing crowds of high officials, and others returning from a large reunion of several Grand Army Posts, hastening to their homes for the coming holiday; and the excitement of the so narrowly saved human beings that rushed out of the cars when they were sure of their safety, was intense. The engineer quickly told his story. The broken rails and bridge started from its pins told the tale of horror that needed no words. And when a voice asked, "Who lit the bonfire?" there was a pause; and the question was repeated, "Who did it? Who saved us?" A boy sitting on one side of the track — for having seen the train brought to a stand, Martin dropped to the ground, faint with excitement — answered modestly, "Well, I did;" and then he was surrounded, questioned, praised till he was glad to escape as soon as possible, taking the road back to the "Four Corners," where he could return by road as he came. As soon as he was missed, however, came the cry, "Where is the boy? We owe our lives to him! Where is he? Who is he?" etc. A man hastening up the track from the station, having heard the train stop before crossing the bridge, gave answer. "That boy I just met? He 's Widow Monroe's boy. A good boy, too. He said there had been an accident. How was it?"

Many a heart in that crowd throbbed with gratitude; and when Governor Smythe, who was among the number, quietly said a few words to Lawyer Bascom, men who were grateful felt sure they would have an opportunity to show their feeling in a way that would be wise as well as kind, and ready assent followed hastily the suggestions made.

Christmas morning peeped in through the gates of night with a glad sun-smile and a rosy flush. The snow lay white and all unsullied over hill and dale, and the unwritten music of the angels' song seemed to linger yet in the clear bright air of the early dawn. Children crept softly to chimney-sides in many a home, to gather the fruits long waited for of tree or stocking. Hearts bowed in sadness waited hungrily for the "peace" so long ago promised, brought near with the Saviour's birth; and joy came with ministrations of "good will" to many a heart choked with the brambles of selfishness and sin.

Martin had not been able to sleep. The excitement and strain upon his nerves were sufficient to account for his wakefulness; but beyond that was the nervous dread he had of Johnnie's disappointment, when among his few little gifts he should not see the one much desired and longed for sled. Johnnie had not known surely that he was to have one, for he could not guess, he told his mother, "who could give him one in all the world." Still they could all see that he *hoped* for one. And so poor Martin was working himself into an agony, wondering how he could tell him of his loss; for no sooner was the deed done, and Martin thinking the thing over, than he thought of other ways he might have done and so saved that precious sled.

"Why, I might have run back to the station, if only I could have got there in time; or I might have shouted, if only the wind would n't have carried my shout the other way; or I might have — well, there, what 's the use? I did n't, and it seemed all I could do then; and thank God, the train stopped!" And so he would think over and over again till — hark! that was Johnnie creeping softly through the entry.

"Johnnie, Johnnie!" very softly; "come here, Robin Redbreast, where are you going?"

"Downstairs, Marty, to see if there 's anything in my stocking, or if Santa Claus bringed me anything."

"Looking for patience fruits, hey? But come in here a minute, Johnnie, it 's real cold; and then I 'll go and make a fire so you won't freeze while you look. I want to tell you something."

"Oh, Marty! Good, a story! Hi-yah! a Christmas story! Oh, goody! I am *real* cold;

cuddle me up, Marty. There, that's nice, and I'll wait for you."

"Well, once on a time, — it won't be a long story, just a little one, — once on a time, lots of nice people went to see how the poor soldiers that had been through the war without getting killed — though some of them did get their arms or legs shot off — were getting along; and when they got through all their work and business and had sent money to some poor families, whose fathers were killed and so had nobody to help them earn any, and made things as comfortable as they could for those who had grown too old to work or were not able to, they got in the cars to go home again to have Christmas with their folks."

"Well, I would too," said Johnnie, much interested in anything concerning soldiers. "I would help 'em, too, would n't you, Marty? And if I was Gov'nor I'd give 'em all real red coats, an' feathers in their hats, an' guns an' things, — every single one of 'em that ever fighted, I would."

"Yes, I would try to have them get what they wanted; but they might n't all *care* for red coats, now, you know; and I guess a good many of them went home to have a happier Christmas, after getting some help they needed. Well, the train was full, and oh! how fast those cars do fly over those long shiny rails, don't they, Johnnie?"

"H'm! you bet they do, Marty; they just go like lightning!"

"Almost; and oh, think what would happen if those rails were not straight and smooth, Johnnie; if anything pushed those flying cars off the track! Oh, Johnnie —" and here the voice shook; and the startled child looked at his brother in dismay, threw his arms around his neck and cried —

"Oh! don't look so scared an' white! Are you sick, Marty? I'll call mother!"

"No, no, Johnnie, wait; I was thinking what it would be if all those people should be —"

"Oh, Marty! they would be *killed*, would n't they?" gasped the child, trying to take in the thought that had so affected his brother. "Yes, they must have been. But were they?" Johnnie asked breathlessly, seeming intuitively to know that this was a *real*, not an imaginary affair.

"No," said Marty, drawing a long breath. "Let me tell you, little brother, how it was. The train was going very fast, when some one, walking beside the track, saw that the storm had loosened the timbers of the bridge, so that though it looked about as usual, the rails were broken and the bridge sort of twisted out of place, and if the train went on it, it would give way and all would go to the bottom of Long Creek, — and it is deep there. Well, he asked God to help him to see what to do; he had a sled with him, and when he saw he could do nothing else, he just broke it up —"

"Oh, Marty!" broke out Johnnie, breathlessly, "was it all red, an' a lion on it, an' nice letters, too?"

"Yes, it was very pretty and nice; but he broke it up and set fire to it, right there on the track —"

"Oh, Marty!" half sobbed the child, "did he?"

"And as it burned, the train came rushing on, and stopped, all safe!"

A hush lay on the little room for a moment.

"Marty, I guess p'raps God would help me to give my sled, — if I had one, I mean, — to make a fire of, so 'at some little boys' fathers might n't get killed. Don't you b'lieve he would?" asked the child, solemnly.

Martin was, boy-like, ashamed to cry; but he was very near doing so, as when he could speak he said: "My dear little brother, God has helped you; and you *have* given your pretty new sled to save a great many people from death." Then with a convulsive sob he cried, "Can you forgive me for taking it, Johnnie? I had to! I had to! and now it's gone!" and for a moment the two wept together.

Then Johnnie sprang up, crying, "Pooh, Marty! I ain't going to cry for an old sled. I'm real glad you had it with you, else —" but the alternative seemed too dark, for a Christmas morning outlook; so he brushed it away with his tears, as together they hastened to dress and to light the fire before their mother should get down.

It is a truth often brought into our daily life, "We know not what a day or an hour may bring forth;" and who could have foreseen, — surely not Martin Monroe, — that the boy who laboriously toiled over the making of a sled for his little lame brother, during his few leisure hours that autumn, should have carried a check for a thousand dollars to the Union Savings Bank for safe keeping, the day after Christmas; nor could he in his wildest dreams have imagined the joy he felt, when on opening a large parcel made of many smaller ones, — all useful, and many long desired, — he found among the gifts a sled of such regal decoration that when he handed it to Johnnie, the child without a word laid himself down beside it, his head on its richly carpeted face, in speechless content; and after, when all the family were trying to express their gratitude for the lavish bounty bestowed, Johnnie seemed to tell it easily, when he said, —

"Marty, I think when you give things to God, he gives back better ones always. Don't you?"

History and Biography.

THE WIZARD OF THE NORTH.

BY M. L. H.

Walter Scott, the son of an Edinburgh solicitor, was born Aug. 15, 1771. When he was two years old, he was sent to live with his grandfather at Sandy-Knowl, where he first heard from the lips of an aunt those legends and ballads which were afterward his inspiration; and at this time his wonderful memory first displayed itself.

Scott's first schooling was at the Edinburgh High School, and later he was sent to the University; but he was never remarkable as a student. In his choice of law as a profession, he was greatly influenced by his father's wishes; for Scott's own tastes led him more in the direction of literary pursuits. He had long entertained the project of collecting and editing the fugitive ballads of the Scottish border; and for this purpose made many raids into Liddesdale and its neighborhood. One of his companions in these escapades said of him, "Sic an endless fund of humour and drollery as we had wi' him then. Never ten yards but we were either laughing or roaring or singing. Wherever we stopped, how brawlie he suited himsel' to everybody. He aye did as the lave did; never made himsel' the great man or took ony airs in the company."

Scott was always very impulsive. It is said that he refused to write a history of Mary, Queen of Scots, because his judgment would not let him treat her character as his feelings dictated.

In 1797 Scott married, and shortly after went to Larswade, where he lived until 1804, when he removed to Ashestiel-on-the-Tweed. During this time his "Border Minstrelsy" was edited, and most of his poems written. He was always remarkable for his power of accomplishing much work in a limited time; and his productions at this period were enormous, including besides much other work, — "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," and a "Life of Dryden."

In 1812 he received the appointment of Clerk of Session; and the salary enabled him to realize his favorite dream of buying Abbotsford, and becoming a landowner. To this small farm he added more and more land, and indulged his passion for planting and beautifying to such an extent that even then he sowed the seeds of his future financial misfortunes. Here, surrounded by his family, his dogs, and the heather of his native hills, he seems to have led his ideal existence. His love for animals was extraordinary; and he numbered among his pets not only innumerable dogs, horses, and cats, but at one time a little black pig. The devotion of his servants to him was only equalled by his thoughtful generosity toward them. One of his retainers paid him this tribute: "When I come, I am sure to be greeted with a joke or a pleasant word. He'll stand and crack and lauff wi' me, just like an auld wife; and to think that of a man who has such an awfu' knowledge o' history!"

Scott's description of the training of his eldest son is characteristic: "As to Walter, I taught him while a boy to ride, and shoot, and speak the truth; the rest of his education I leave to the son of our clergyman."

In 1814 the first of the Waverly novels — begun nine years before and thrown aside — was finished and published anonymously. Its great success encouraged the author to devote himself to writing these romances. His reason for publishing them anonymously was his unwillingness to impair his standing as a landed proprietor, by allowing it to be known that he was an author writing for fortune. This peculiar pride had also induced him to keep his connection with the Ballantyne Printing Company from the public. His fortunes were so involved with those of the Ballantynes, that when their failure was announced, Scott found himself liable to the amount of one hundred and seventeen thousand pounds. But he was not discouraged. Long before, in a letter to a friend, he had written, "If we lose everything else, we will at least keep our honor unblemished;" and this was indeed the motto of his later years. He left Abbotsford, took lodgings in Edinburgh, and set to work to liquidate his debts by literary labor. During 1826 and 1827 he earned for his creditors forty thousand pounds; but in 1830, broken down by hard work and trouble, he had his first paralytic stroke, the beginning of the end. Even this did not daunt him, and two more novels came from his magic pen. At last his friends persuaded him to try the effect of a trip to Italy; and in September, 1831, he left Abbotsford, only to return the next June to die.

While Scott was lying unconscious in London on his journey home, Allan Cunningham was stopped on the street-corner by a group of workingmen; and one of them asked as though there were but one death-bed in London, "Do you know, sir, if this is the street where he is lying?" Two weeks later he was taken to Abbotsford; and there on the twenty-first of September, 1832, he died.

Two lines that he has written may be taken to describe his whole career: —

"One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

Our Letter-Box.

The Editor has received letters from Effie G. Rice and Helen Marlard, containing correct answers to the enigmas. Do these little girls belong to any "Lend-a-hand" society? If so, we want to hear about it. Will children please write their enigmas and letters on *one* side of the sheet only?

Aldyth Allen has done well. We are glad to hear that she likes the Bible Questions. Who also looks them up? Who will send the King's-Move puzzle she asks for? We are sure her Club will find some good work, and shall want to hear about it. Tina Williams's account of her kitten is very well told.

Boston.

Dear Mr. Editor, — I am a little girl nine years old. I go to the New South Church, in Boston, and Miss Fisher is my teacher. I thought I would like to let the children of the Sunday-school know about my kitten. It is quite small and its name is Buff; we gave her that name on account of her color. She is very playful; and when she goes out she likes to bother us by not coming in when she is called. It seems as if she were playing hide-and-seek, for when we call her she runs in and out through the fence. One evening she was out, and we called her for about fifteen minutes; but she would only come as far as the steps, and then she would run back. At last Mamma said, "If she does not want to come in, let her stay out." The next morning when we came downstairs we heard her crying, and when we looked for her we saw her in the top of a tree. We called her, but she seemed to be afraid, and would turn around and go higher. We tried several ways of getting her down, but she would not come. Then my brother climbed the tree and got her down. It was about ten o'clock, and she was very hungry.

Tina V. Williams.

Baltimore, Md.

Dear Mr. Editor, — I am very fond of looking up the Bible Questions. I have never missed looking over any that have been in the paper. I send you a list of the birds of the Bible, which you asked of any of your readers. Our Sunday-school teacher has formed a little Club. We made a rag-carpet and gave it to a very needy family. We do not know what we will take up for the coming year. I wish some one would send you a King's Move Puzzle for the paper.

Your devoted reader,

Aldyth G. Allen.

BIRDS OF THE BIBLE.

Bittern.
Cock.
Crane.
Cuckoo.
Dove.
Eagle.
Fatted Fowls.
Fowl.
Glede.
Hawk.
Kite.
Lapwing.
Night-hawk.
Osprey.
Ossifrage.
Ostrich.
Owl.
Partridge.
Peacock.
Pelican.
Pigeon.
Quail.
Raven.
Sparrow.
Swan.
Turtle.
Vulture.

Birds of Palestine are: Cormorant, heron, owl, stock, swallow.

ENIGMA XVIII.

I am composed of nineteen letters.
My 4, 17, 19, 15, is what little children play with.
My 16, 5, 7, 10, is a proof.
My 13, 11, 2, is a fowl.
My 8, 5, 2, is a number between one and twelve.
My 3, 2, is a preposition.
My 2, 1, 16, 12, children gather in the fall.
My 6, 5, 11, 18, is an animal.
My 14, 16, is a pronoun.
My 9, 2, is an article.
My whole is the name of one of my studies.

Edith M. P. Green, age twelve years.

ENIGMA XIX.

I am composed of twenty-one letters.
My 10, 16, 20, is an untruth.
My 17, 15, 19, 4, is the opposite of thick.
My 1, 7, 14, Jesus was.
My 3, 11, 12, 18, is the opposite of cold.
My 5, 21, 12, 18, 8, is a kind of fire-place
My 13, 12, 9, is used for comfort in warm weather.
My 5, 2, 18, is the past tense of get.
My 6, 12, 18, the kitty likes.
My whole is the name of a great poet now living.

Edith M. P. Green.

ENIGMA XX.

My first is in rose, but not in lily;
My second is in Kate, but not in Milly;
My third is in apple, and also in pear;
My fourth is in tiger, but not in bear;
My fifth is in red, and also in blue;
My whole we all of us like to do.

Ruth Cronyn.

BIBLE QUESTIONS ON ANIMALS.

5. What *animal* is said to have rebuked its rider? What did he see and do? Who was the rider, and where was he going?

6. To the *tails of what animals* did Samson tie firebrands? Where did he let them go, and for what purpose?

7. Into the *den* of what *animal* was Daniel cast? Why was this done, and what happened?

8. Upon what *animal* did King Ahasuerus order Haman to place "the man whom the king delighteth to honour?" Who was the man, and why was he thus honored?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 10.

Enigma XVI. Latin, algebra, physical geography, spelling.

Enigma XVII. John Wannamaker, Postmaster-General.

Beheading I. Herring – erring – ring – in.

Beheading II. Drover – rover – over.

For Youngest Readers.

AN AUTUMN DRESS.

BY LUCY WHEELOCK.

OUT in the meadow stood a maple-tree, brown and bare, in the opening spring-time. During the winter, the kindly snow had sometimes covered it over with a white blanket; but now the snow had melted away, and the tree had nothing to cover it. It shook its bare arms mournfully and sighed, "I wish I had a dress to wear. I am so bare and brown and ugly."

"I will make you a dress," said Spring, who was listening. "I have all the newest shades of green, which is a very fashionable color at this season. I will make you a new green dress."

So Spring worked busily every day, and soon the tree was covered with beautiful, soft green. It was so pretty, that two birds came and built their nest on one of its outstretched arms, and made their home there all summer. The father-bird often sang sweet songs; and the tree spread its green dress tenderly over the little home to shield the young birds from the warm sun or the driving rain.

But the cold winds began to blow, and the birds heard voices calling them to the sunny South. The young birds could fly now; so they all prepared for a long journey, and bade the friendly tree good-by. It was lonely then, in the meadow. Even the sun did not linger so long as it had in the bright summer.

"Ah!" sighed the tree, "I am no longer beautiful. I suppose my dress has faded. I know Spring went away long ago; but perhaps Summer will make me a new dress. She seems kind."

So the Maple-tree called Summer to its aid; but Summer never answered. How could she? For she too had gone away. But Autumn heard the call, and came to the tree with all her beautiful dyes, and said, —

"I will color your dress a gay red and yellow, and you will be more beautiful than ever."

It did not take her long to do it, and soon the tree was the brightest thing in the whole meadow.

"You are lovely," said Autumn. "I never succeeded better with my colors."

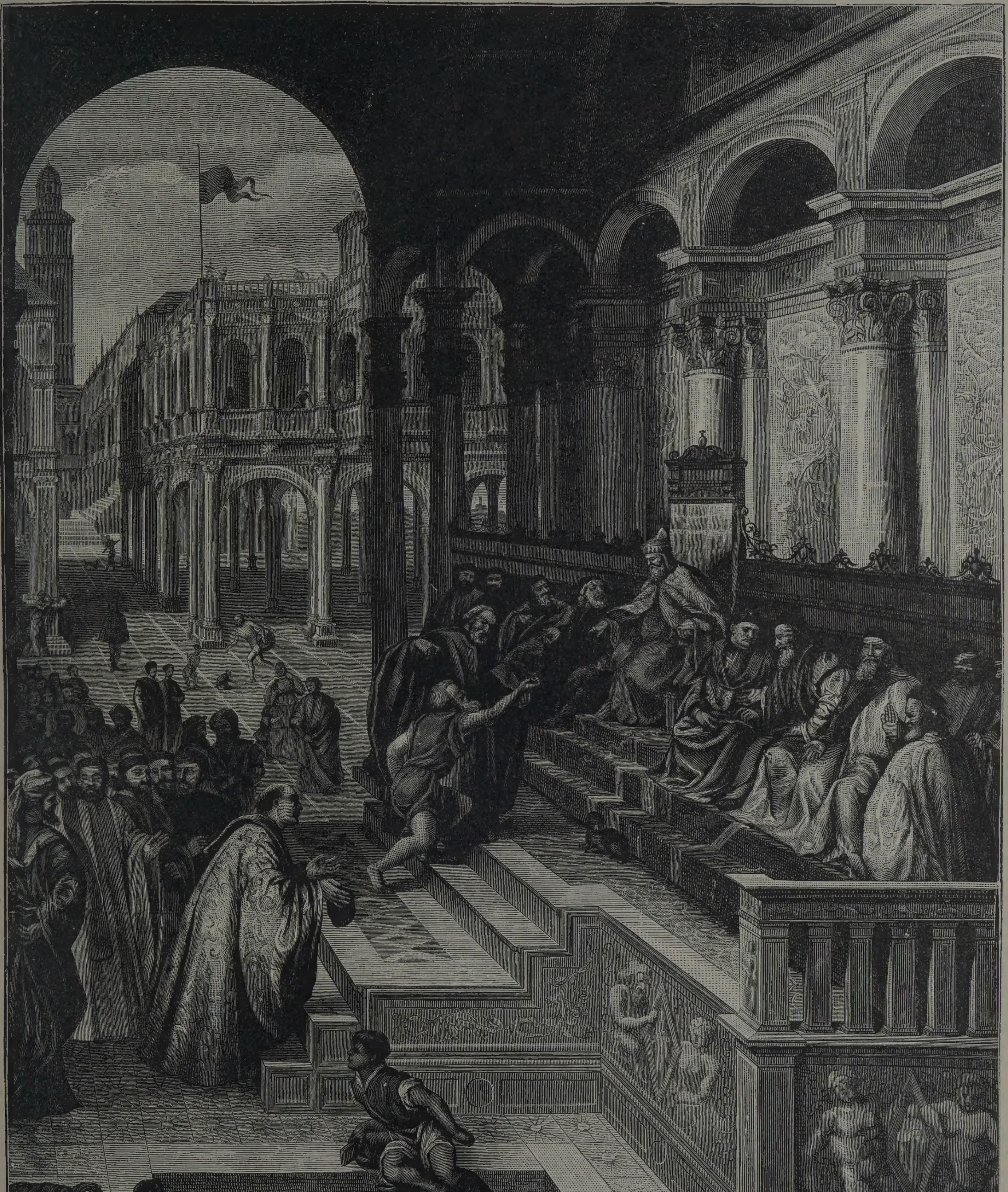
"Thank you, kindly," said the tree. "I only grieve that the little birds are not here to see me. A red awning would be so pretty for their house;" and it shook its branches so mournfully, that the empty nest fell to the ground.

"Never mind," said Autumn. "It is sadly out of repair, and the birds will build a new one next season."

For many days the Maple stood bright in the sunlight; and when little children came into the meadow, it would throw down some of the brightest pieces of its dress for them to carry home. But a bitter cold came at last, and the flowers near the tree began to shiver in their summer dresses, and cried to the friendly tree to help them find something warm to wear.

"I have nothing but my red and yellow dress," said the good tree; "but I am bigger and stronger than you and better able to bear the cold, so I will cover you up with my dress."

So the brave Maple threw down, bit by bit, the whole bright dress to keep the flowers warm; and it stood bare and brown again in the cold November. But soon Winter came and clothed it one night in shining white; and the next morning it stood like a king robed in ermine.



PRESENTATION OF THE RING OF SAINT MARK TO THE DOGE OF VENICE.

FROM A PAINTING BY PARIS BORDONE NOW IN THE ACADEMY OF VENICE.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

GREEN LEAVES.

[Translated from the French for Every Other Sunday by Katharine A. Hagar.]

Doctor Peter felt very dull; for all the morning a fine, thick rain had fallen, which soaking into the clay soil of La Hetraie had made the country a vast marsh. The ducks were joyful; the frogs croaked with delight; but the doctor choked as though he had the asthma.

Deprived of his daily walk, the doctor occasionally cast a distressed look at his green box, which hung down plaintively from its hook on the wall; or else, with his forehead pressed against the window-pane, he looked in vain over the dull gray sky for one bright spot of blue. Suddenly his eyes kindled, his eyebrows contracted; he opened the window with a great noise, and leaning out, he cried with a voice of thunder, —

"Lucien! Lucien Launet! Stop! or I 'll come after you. Hurry and come in, you naughty rogue!"

For Mr. Peter was angry, because he saw this young Lucien — Lucien Launet, his favorite neighbor, a boy who had shown a taste for botany — amusing himself in the pouring rain by making his large umbrella sail like a boat in the Pond of the Oaks.

Thus summoned, Lucien looked up, and with his usual assurance exclaimed, —

"Mr. Peter, I was just coming to your house to ask you about something."

"Much obliged to you," replied the doctor. "You don't seem in any hurry about it. Come in, you foolish fellow; come dry your clothes. How wet you are!"

The water could have been wrung from his blouse; his shoes were so full that one might almost have been tempted to try and catch a fish in them. So when he entered the kitchen, — the doctor leading him along by one ear, — old Scolastique showed great pity and sympathy. She raised her hands three times to the heaven above, repeating four times, "This is dreadful!" and then hastened to put another fagot of wood on the hearth.

When young Launet was comfortably placed on a stool before the fire, the doctor said to him, "Now I am ready to listen to you. What is it that you wish to ask of me?"

"I will tell you, Mr. Peter," said Lucien. "Is it true that wood contains coal?"

"You are joking, my boy; such a question does no honor to your intelligence. Will you tell me what they make charcoal of in the woods?"

"With — yes, it is so — with wood. I had not thought of that."

"Certainly, wood contains coal. Is that all you wish to know?"

"Oh, no, sir; I have read in my book that coal cannot burn unless it receives a gas that is in the air, and that is called ox — oxy — "

"Oxygen?"

"Yes, oxygen."

"This is true. Would you like to have me prove it?"

"Yes, Mr. Peter."

"Well, look at this — Scolastique!"

"Sir?"

"Stop knitting for a moment. Your fire is going out; try and make it burn better. Lucien is not getting dry."

Scolastique stretched out her hands and picked up an enormous pair of bellows, with which she sent gusts of air on the burning brands. They began to get bright and red.

"I understand," Lucien exclaimed with delight. "Scolastique by blowing on it sent some air — I mean oxygen — over the wood. The fire was almost out, but it is burning again."

Scolastique, who had not suspected that she was doing any wonderful thing with her bellows, opened her eyes with astonishment, and then modestly resumed her knitting.

"Well," the doctor continued, "the oxygen thus united to the coal makes it burn; and what is produced? Do you know?"

"Oh, yes; I have been told the oxygen passing over the coal carries it with it in this passage, and united they form carbonic acid, an invisible gas, which goes out of the chimney. We put pipes to our stoves; otherwise, the carbonic acid which is formed when there is a fire in the stove would remain in the room, and as the carbonic acid is a very bad gas, — poisonous, — every one staying in the room would be asphyxiated. And this is the reason that chafing-pans are very bad, because the burning coal in them sends this dangerous carbonic acid to every one who uses them."

"Very good. I hope you know as much about hygiene. Where did you learn all this?"

"In my class, Mr. Peter. The professor explained it the day after poor Mother Dolent was found dead in her bed, because, after ironing all day, she went to sleep neglecting to put out the fire in the chafing-pan on which she had warmed her irons. And now, if you will allow me, I would like to ask you another question."

"Good! my little man," said the doctor, delighted with his scholar, and giving him a friendly tap on the cheek.

"I read in my book that there is very little carbonic acid in the air, and I cannot understand this."

"What! You cannot understand this?"

"Why, no; since we make fires every day, every day we are pouring carbonic acid into the air, and there must surely be a great deal of it."

"Well reasoned, friend," said the doctor. "What you say would certainly be true, and the result would not be very pleasant for us, if in the same proportion that we manufacture carbonic acid the green plants did not eat it."

Lucien burst out laughing; and Scolastique herself, stupefied with the idea that plants could eat, dropped ten stitches in her knitting.

"Eh, my rogue, I only say that green plants are nourished with carbonic acid. There is nothing amusing in that. Every one to his taste."

"I have read that the Chinese make soup out of caterpillars."

"Listen, Lucien. During the daylight the green leaves take the carbonic acid which is in the air, and which you have just said is composed of coal and oxygen. These leaves keep the coal, and reject the oxygen. Now, observe this burning fagot. Its coal is transformed into carbonic acid, which escapes out of the chimney. It will not go far, because there are elms, ash-trees, and beeches near, which will arrest this carbonic acid, and take possession of its coal. We shall some day burn these trees, and think that we are burning new coal. Not at all. It will be the coal of this fagot and of many others."

"Mr. Peter, may I tell you a thought that has come to me while I have been listening to you?"

"Let me hear it."

"Does it not seem as though the oxygen in the air was like a porter, who is required to go incessantly into our stoves and chimneys to search for the old coal of dead trees, so as to carry it to living trees and return again for supplies?"

"The comparison is very good, my little man, only do not forget that it is only green plants which can take coal from the carbonic acid in the air. Those which are not green, like fungi, do not do this, and they are obliged to live at the expense of the others; they are called parasites. Some time I should like to tell you about them. For the present, remember only this: 'There is nothing new under the sun,' not even the coal we burn. Therefore philosophers say, 'Nothing is lost, nothing is created.' From the beginning of the world the same materials have always been used."

"Thank you, Mr. Peter, I have understood you." And Lucien took his umbrella, made a low bow to Scolastique, shook hands with the good doctor, and started for his home, this time in a sensible manner, well sheltered by his umbrella.

TO THE RESCUE!

BY MABEL EMERY.

Once on a time, in the good old days
  When elderly folk were young,
A prince there lived in this land of ours
  Whose praise was loyally sung.
He shone in armor all glittering bright,
His legions of followers rode in white, —
Ah, woe the day when his throne was lost!
We never may hail him as "King Jack Frost."

A gay young prince, — and we loved him well,
  For a right merry soul was he;
And his sparkling mail and his horsemen white
  Were a goodly sight to see.
The children cheered and the elders sighed,
"How strong he is in his youth and pride!"
And none foretold us the kingdom lost
To our prince so mighty, our brave Jack Frost.

No armèd foe did he fear in field:
  At the call of his bugle-blast
The land would be walled with ranks of steel
  Till the danger-time was past;
And sentinels stood with shield and spear
To guard each roof from the enemy near.
Ah, why, — oh, how was the kingdom lost?
He was good and gallant, our bold Jack Frost.

Men tell strange tales of my lady Sea
  And the spells she binds at will.
She hath secrets deep in her heaving breast,
  But her lips are silent still.
Men say far up by the northern Pole
Our prince, bewitched, is an exiled soul, —
His power enchanted, his kingdom lost:
Ah, woe for the Sea's soft breath, Jack Frost!

Then up and off to the frozen Pole,
  For the prince of our childhood's day!
Be his exile strange in the farthest isle,
  We 'll loyally find the way.
Sing hey, sing ho, for the ice and snow!
We 'll find him at last as we faithful go, —
And we 'll bring to his own our prince that's lost,
In glittering armor, the true Jack Frost.

Touched by a light that hath no name,
  A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain wall
  Are God's great pictures hung.

LETTERS TO THE "VIM CLUB."

No. 13.

Geneva to Paris.

The Lake of Geneva, or Lake Leman as it is also called, will always be of special interest to travellers; and every boy or girl who reads at all has heard of the Castle of Chillon, which Lord Byron made famous in his poem. Some of you have read his poem; I trust the rest will do so soon.

We are to spend a week or more here in Geneva, and I am glad to do so, for it is the richest city of the Swiss Republic, and it is long years since I read the story of Calvin and his life here where he sought refuge, and also of his stern rules and rigid discipline.

You remember that I told you in my last letter of our first Sunday here which reminded me of home.

Some of the present residents say "that the strict rules of Calvin have never been quite forgotten, and a few call it a Puritan town."

It is certainly a fine home for a student. I visited some of the institutions of learning and spent a very happy morning at the "École des Arts et Industries." The tuition is free; lectures, models, and instruction being given all, in whatever department they choose to enter. Some of the engraving on wood is made by boys quite as young as any of the "Vims." The students who were modelling in clay were all boys, while in the rooms devoted to gold-carving I found several bald-headed men. One of the professors kindly told me much about their methods, and I wished I too could join his classes. The school has been a blessing to hundreds of poor but gifted boys and girls.

Of course I went to market; for these open markets have a wonderful fascination for me. Here in Geneva it occupies five streets beside the Rue Centrale; fruit, vegetables, dry goods, hardware, or anything you desire, can be found. Two young men were rivals in selling shawls, and their shouts were deafening as they tried to get trade from the passers-by.

What do you think of the river Rhone for a washtub? I have seen it so used by many.

A wash-room or small building is placed at the foot of a flight of stairs near some one of the bridges, with conveniences for several women. Here the soiled linen is taken, and well scrubbed with brushes and soap; they are then boiled in a large boiler at one end of the wash-house and rinsed in the river Rhone. The merry chat of the women, their laughter and songs, makes the whole affair seem like a picnic or a play, rather than real work. I saw several men washing coats and pantaloons in the river, while the washer-men stood high and dry on some stone steps.

I wish you could all see the music-box factories here. They are one of the great institutions of Geneva, and musical works are put in everything, from a child's toy up to a cabinet like a parlor organ.

The first night we were in Geneva I heard music at the table; it was so soft and sweet I began to think it must be hidden under the cloth somewhere. I tried for some time to discover where, and at last, when the cake was handed me, I found it was in the china cake-plate, and the music only played when it was moved about to serve the guests. I saw some very pretty vases and work-baskets which could play several tunes when wound up; but the drollest of all places was in the back of a hair-brush. Think of brushing your tangled locks to slow or gay music as the case might be. Why not? If music cheers and comforts as we know it does, why not have more of it in our homes? I once knew a boy in the far West who had a pet cow to milk morning and evening, and he chose to drive her between two houses when he milked, especially at night. My chamber window overlooked this driveway one season, and I always tried to be near the window when the boy and cow appeared. He invariably whistled lustily and kept time with the music and milk. Sometimes he would whistle a slow old psalm-tune, and "Cushee" would chew her cud in peace; sometimes he was in a merry mood and the milk would go rushing into the pail to the air of "Yankee Doodle" or some gay waltz. Cushee never cared for those airs for the joyous spirit of the boy made him too earnest for her comfort, and on more than one occasion she kicked rebelliously, and over went the pail, milk and all. We laughed then, and rejoice now; for the whistling milker is now a famous young American artist who puts a good bit of cheerfulness into his pictures. How easy to travel home in thought!

We must trot straight back to Geneva and look at some musical watches, and even rings. What an ingenious people they are to think of such devices! When I saw the workmen coming out of the factories, I hoped they would seem as bright and lively as the boxes they had been at work upon; but no, they were tired and hungry, and I presume so sick of it all that a music-box would be the very last thing they would care to own.

I found something else in Geneva beside art-schools, wash-houses, music-box factories, and fine fur-stores; and that was a brave little French girl who came to make me a gown. She was supporting an entire family, and did not seem to be over eighteen. If you want anything in a foreign country, it is generally safe to ask your landlady; and our good motherly provider and her daughter knew just where to find all we needed.

"Would Madame find us a dressmaker?" we asked. "Yes, Madame would;" and in a few hours Mademoiselle appeared with a tape-measure only. She talked in French, and after getting her orders went away. She came again in forty-eight hours to try Madame's garment, nearly complete. Once more, and it was done *perfectly*, without worry or fret, without long tedious waits, or travelling up and down stairs; and the bill, — ah me, that bill! I stared at it twice before I could believe that it was only five dollars.

"Madame thinks it too much?" she asked shyly.

"No, too little," I answered; and, my dear Vims, you cannot imagine how her eyes beamed and sparkled as she said, "Oh, you Americans are so generous!" Would n't your good mothers like to employ Mademoiselle?

We had merry times in our *Pension* after the late dinner. No sitting about in a hotel room, feeling bored or getting homesick. No, no; the landlady and her daughters are too shrewd for that. We had games, and music, and readings, — "American readings, by an American," — and much chatting until bedtime.

I met in this homelike place some delightful people; among others, the gifted daughter of an Irish professor, who never tired of talking about America.

It rained nearly every day in Geneva, and yet we managed to go about in it and come home soaking wet without taking cold. The boys who were to attend school in Vevay were eager to see the sights also, and when they came in I enjoyed listening to their experiences. I am so sorry these bright lads are to be sent there. It seems such a mistake to bring boys from our dear land and leave them here. Their mother thinks differently; so my bright young friends will soon be separated from all they love by the broad Atlantic. Well, we go to-morrow night to Paris, and perhaps we shall never meet again.

Some of our friends told us it would be altogether best to take the "night express," as there was nothing of special interest *en route*, and we should save time. What a mistake! Our railway carriage held eight persons, six beside ourselves, all French, and judging from their remarks all Communists. They were not even civil. When we wanted the windows down for fresh air, they insisted upon closing them; and the air was terrible. It seemed to us that the night would never end; and yet my companion and myself are old travellers, who were determined to make the best of everything. There was little "best" in a crowded compartment with five men and one woman all scolding and complaining of the cold, while they had large bundles of unused wraps in the racks over their heads.

However, we reached Paris at last, with aching heads; and at just 7.30 A.M. we entered the courtyard of the St. James Hotel, where cheerful rooms were ready for us.

Get out your histories and maps, my dear Vims; for in my next I shall tell you something of "dear, delightful Paris."

Your wandering President,
Kate Tannatt Woods.

SAINT MARK AND VENICE.

Saint Mark was not an apostle, but a convert and beloved disciple of Saint Peter. He journeyed with Peter even to Rome, where he wrote his Gospel, which has sometimes been believed to have been dictated by Saint Peter. Saint Mark went afterward to preach in Egypt, and founded a church at Alexandria. It was there that he suffered martyrdom at the hands of the heathen, who are said to have dragged him with cords through the streets till he died. The Christians buried his remains there, and his tomb was greatly venerated; but in 815 A.D., some Venetian merchants despoiled the tomb of its sacred relics and took them to Venice, where the splendid Cathedral of San Marco was erected over them.

It is said these merchants were moved to do this by the rapacity of the King of Alexandria, who was plundering the church in which the saint's body was enshrined, to adorn his own palace. They begged to be allowed to remove the relics of the saint to a place of safety, and at last the priests consented. From that time Saint Mark became the patron saint of Venice.

There are many legends told of Saint Mark. One that interests the Venetians greatly, is that of the preservation of their city from flood. Mrs. Jameson tells the story as follows: —

> "On the 25th of February, 1340, for three days the waters rose continually, and in the night there was fearful rain and tempest. So great was the storm that the waters rose three cubits higher than had ever been known in Venice; and an old fisherman, being in his little boat in the canal of Saint Mark, reached with difficulty the Riva di San Marco, and there he fastened his boat and waited the ceasing of the storm.
>
> "At the time this storm was at the highest, there came an unknown man and besought him that he would row him over to San Giorgio Maggiore, promising to pay him well. The fisherman replied, 'How is it possible to go to San Giorgio? We shall sink

by the way!' But the man only besought him the more that he should set forth. So, seeing that it was the will of God, he arose and rowed over to San Giorgio; and the man landed there, and desired the boatman to wait. In a short time he returned with a young man; and they said, 'Now row toward San Niccoló di Lido. Row boldly, for it shall be possible with thee, and thou shalt be well paid.' And he went; and it appeared to him as if the waters were smooth. Being arrived at San Niccoló, the two men landed and returned with a third; and having entered into the boat, they commanded the fisherman that he should row beyond the two castles. And the tempest raged continually. Being come to the open sea, they beheld approaching with terrific speed an enormous galley full of demons: the bark approached the castles to overwhelm Venice and to destroy it utterly. These three men, having made the sign of the cross, exorcised the demons and commanded them to depart, and immediately the galley vanished. Then they commanded the fisherman to land them, the one at San Niccoló di Lido, the other at San Giorgio Maggiore, and the third at San Marco.

"When he had landed the third, the fisherman, notwithstanding the miracle he had witnessed, desired that he would pay him. He replied, 'Thou art right. Go now to the Doge and to the Procuratore of Saint Mark, and tell them what thou hast seen; for Venice would have been overwhelmed had it not been for us three. I am Saint Mark the Evangelist, the protector of this city; the other is the brave knight Saint George; and he whom thou didst take up at the Lido is the holy bishop Saint Nicholas. Say to the Doge and the Procuratore that they are to pay thee.' . . . The fisherman replied, 'If I should tell them this, they would not believe me.' Then Saint Mark took off a ring; and he said, 'Show them this, and tell them when they look in the sanctuary they will not find it;' and thereupon he disappeared. The next morning the fisherman presented himself before the Doge and related all he had seen the night before, and showed him the ring for a sign. And the Procuratore, having sent for the ring and sought it in the usual place, found it not; by reason of which miracle the fisherman was paid, and a solemn procession was ordained, giving thanks to God and to the relics of the three holy saints. The ring was given to Signor Marco Loredano, and to Signor Andrea Dandolo the Procuratore, who placed it in the sanctuary; and a perpetual provision was made for the aged fisherman."

On page 85 our readers will find a copy of a very beautiful picture by Bordone, representing the fisherman's appearance before the Doge and his council. In the original the coloring is very brilliant, and the magnificence of the court of the Doges is finely portrayed.

A RAINY DAY

BY "OLIVE."

RAIN, rain, rain! Shall we ever have the sunlight again? I am so tired of playing with dolls and these old games. What new thing can we do? We have made candy until we are all nearly sick, and I am so tired." And a long sigh followed these complaining remarks.

I suppose you would like me to introduce you to the occupants of this very pleasant room,—pleasant in spite of all the dreariness outside. It is the home of Pansy Dunton; and the three girls Jennie Lee, Mary Douglas, and Mabel Grant, neighbors, have come to spend the afternoon.

After a rainy week, playthings have suddenly become old, and now they all re-echo the words spoken by Jennie.

"Let's form a club and do something," cried Mary.

"Well, that's definite," said Jennie; "what do you mean, what can we do? We surely do not know enough to form a literary club, and I think they are stupid anyway. They do well enough for our elder sisters, but what can we do?"

"Well, I will tell you," said Mary. "I was reading awhile ago of four girls, just our number, forming a club,—each one to do some particular thing to help others. One sewed for a sick little girl; another saved all the pictures and interesting scraps found in papers, etc., pasted them in a book, and sent it to the hospital, and you do not know how many were gladdened by it."

"Well, but what can we do?" persisted Mary. "I cannot sew very well, and I am afraid I would not know how to select the scraps for the book. But now wait and let Mabel tell us what she thinks of the plan."

"Well, girls, you know ours is quite a good-sized manufacturing town, and in passing through some of the lower streets the other day, I was thinking how tired every one looked that I met, and what glimpses I could get of the homes seemed very cheerless to me. Now one thing I know we could all do to brighten up the rooms a little, and that is to give flowering plants. You know our mothers usually have more than they need. Then we could go inside these homes once in awhile, read and talk with the sick ones, and—oh, ever so many more things!"

"Well, yes," said Pansy, "but we can't do that to-day, it is raining too hard to go about the streets; now do try and think of something else."

"Well, why not begin on the scrap-book, to-day we can all help about that?"

"Splendid, just the thing!" So the four girls, now all smiles, gloom having vanished from their faces, trooped merrily upstairs to the garret, where were large piles of old newspapers, children's magazines, etc.

They were soon all busily engaged making their selections, and many a humorous story was read and thoroughly enjoyed by the girls. An illustrated paper proved quite a bonanza, and after an hour spent up there they decided they had enough pictures and scraps for the book. Papa very willingly helped them in finding an old account-book, and the paste being made, work began. Plans were also laid for doing other work.

"Now don't you think your mother would go with us to the hospital while we carried our book?" said Mabel to Pansy.

Mamma was willing, and it was decided to go the next day. It was now nearly six o'clock, and all started for home, declaring this had been one of the shortest and pleasantest afternoons they had ever spent. They did not realize it was because they were thinking and planning for others. The next morning the sun shone beautifully and gave promise of a fair day; so in the afternoon the four girls, with Mrs. Dunton, set out for the hospital, Pansy bearing the precious book. On reaching the hospital they proceeded directly to the children's department; and oh how these wan faces lighted up when the four girls, sparkling with health, appeared in the doorway! This question then arose, "To whom shall we show the book to first?" There were so many looking eagerly toward them. But one poor lame boy attracted their attention, so they gave it to him first. Then it was passed from one to the other.

"Oh, if we only had made more books," said Jennie. "We will know *now* what to do."

"Did you bring me a doll?" cried one little girl.

"No, oh, no," said Mary; and each girl thought of the number of dolls she had at home that did not seem worth looking at; but oh what treasures they would prove to these poor children! After pleasant good-bys to all, the children started for home with that happy feeling which comes to those who have forgotten self for awhile and remembered others. "I will never be cross and complain of the weather," said Pansy, and the others said the same; and they kept their word well. And all through that year they employed their leisure time dressing their old dolls to give away, running errands for those who were not able to go out, and doing a hundred and one things that one can find to do if he truly wishes. Is not this the meaning of *life*.

Try it, my dear children.

Teachers' Department.

A SUGGESTION FOR OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

BY J. E. G.

THE not infrequent reference made to the difficulty of retaining the older pupils (especially of one sex) in our Sunday-schools, beyond a certain age, has suggested to me the thought that the establishment of a more distinctive grade of instruction with a more distinctive name than has hitherto been felt necessary, would in this respect influence, in time, to a very decided change.

In the matter of secular instruction, the establishment of the High School has been felt to be prolific of a healthy ambition which has resulted in the marked intelligence and improvement of its graduates. In like manner I feel that the establishment of a Sunday High School,—called by this or by some other as distinctive a name,—would influence to a like healthy ambition, and to as real an interest and improvement in the study of subjects of a religious character.

Not unnaturally, I think, the older pupils in our schools come gradually to regard the Sunday-school as for children only, and so grow away from them as they advance in years; while were there a distinctively higher grade connected with them, there would be in very many instances, instead of a turning away altogether, a growing interest, and an earnest purpose and effort to rise to this higher grade. Thrown around the higher branches of religious study, it seems to me there might be many influences quickening and invigorating to the young mind, through which to make the religion of the future a far greater power than it now is.

It strikes me most impressively that some such higher course would prove the solution of many anxious questionings, and help most effectively to secure the larger and more permanent influence of our Sunday-schools. The signs of the times appear to me clearly to point to some such course as this; and I may add my belief that those who move first toward the establishment of some such higher method of training in our schools, will prove the advance guard of an influence which shall grow to larger and yet larger proportions, till the study of religion and religious truth shall come to hold in the minds of all the highest place in the education of our youth.

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